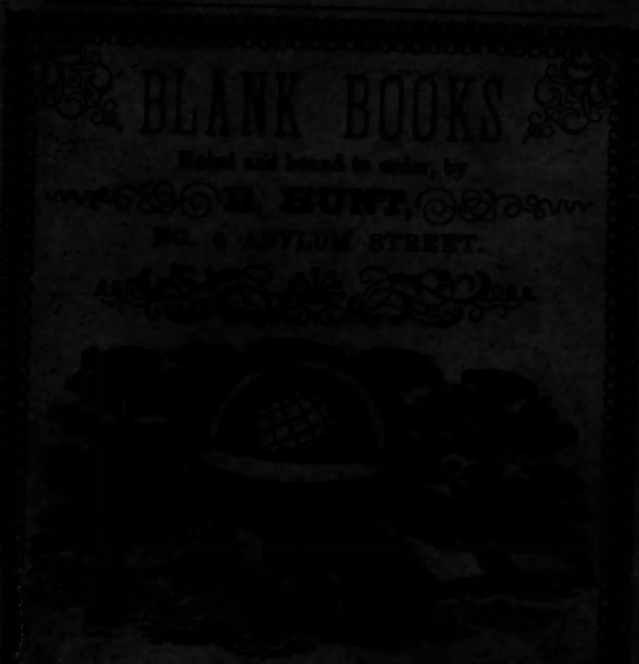
c.1851
Book
of
Poem

HUNT'S
WRITING BOOK.



PAPERS
OF
SHAKERS
316
OHIO
Union Village

Lines addressed to Elder sister Wealthy B. Stone

after her release from the ministry of Enfield Hancock & Springfield

Beloved friends I now address
One unto whom I'm tightly bound,
Yet words will fail me to express
The love which twines around & souls around

With anxious eyes did we behold
Our kind beloved friends return;
But one was not this did unfold
A trying scene to every one.

A cloud of disappointment fell
And its effects we all have felt
That we had bid our friend farewell
Did nearly cause our hearts to melt.

'Twas for the good of Zion's fold
That we this cross did freely bear
Still in remembrance we shall hold
They tender counsel love and care.

We often shall recall to mind,
The pleasant hours with you we spent
The season which we then enjoyed
We never never can forget.

Beloved Eldersister dear.
A promise now to you we'll make to you
That we will keep Gods holy fear
And to his way prove just & true.

A Summer's Evening.

The sun is now sinking quite low in the west,
And each little warbler is seeking its nest.
The air which was sultry and hot at mid-day,
The breezes have come, and have fan'd it away.
With pleasure we walk in this cool evening air,
And view the green leaves and flowers so fair.
The smile of our Maker we can't but behold;
And the works of his hands, how majestic! untold

Death.

How many victims thou hast won;
How many friends hast caused to mourn;
How many children left forlorn,
O thou dread tyrant, Death!

The closest tie that e'er was known,
Assunder thou hast surely blown;
And all are now obliged to own
Thy mighty power, O Death.

When the last hour draweth nigh
For friends to give their farewell sigh
Then O how hard it is to lie
And yield to thee O Death

How solemn is that dreadful hour,
When friends do part to meet no more,
Until they land on that bright shore
Beyond thy reach, O Death!

But those who're faithful here in time,
Rejoice to seek another clime;
And say, when they to thee resign,
"Where is thy sting, O Death?"

Time.

It lingers not for any one,
~~Neither~~ The rich, great nor small:
When past, it is forever gone;
No age can it recall.

Our work on earth will soon be done;—
O let us not delay:
Our sands of life will quickly run,
Tho' long should be our stay.

Upon Time's wings were borne away
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
And nearer we advance, each day,
Unto Eternity.

Lines Written for Elder Grove. Wright

On his birth day. Jan 17. 1851.

Beloved parent Elder Grove
Now do receive our purest love
And know it is with great delight
That we for you these lines indite

In plainly does to us appear
This day does end your sixty third year;
And may as many more ensue
Before you bid this world adieu

Your time you've spent in Mother's way,
From childhood to the present day;
A comfort to the aged found
And blessing sents all around.

We oft have felt your tender care,
And of your blessing had a share;
Your kind instructions we do view,
More precious far than Hermon's dew.

She'll lead us to that land of rest;
Where every faithful soul is blest;
And there with you we hope to meet
In love that's pure and union sweet.

So with the year we will begin
To set a double watch within
From every evil to abstain
And over sin triumphat reign.

We ever will be faithful found,
Unshaken here on Zion's ground;
We'll not look back but forward move
And join the heavenly host above.

Now with this promise we will end,
Once more our warmest love we'll send;
O do receive this tribute small
From the young sisters one and all

Affection.

Through all natures works
We can't but behold
That soft tender cord
Which binds soul to soul.
O where can be found, (where,)
Through this vast creation,
A pearl to compare
With bonds of Affection.

When hearts are o'erflowing
With grief and distress,
And in torrents rolling
Affliction at best,
O what can assuage
Such hearts of dejection?
O 'tis soothing language
From lips of Affection.

When unhaply wrecked
On misfortunes ~~rite~~ shoal;
No hand to protect,
Nor friend ~~near a smile~~ to console;
All lost in despair,
Overwhelm'd with ~~oppression~~ dejection;—
Then what can compare
With one ray of Affection!

Tho' an orphan left
In this world below,
No friend to caress
Nor care to bestow;
O what can erase
From a child of discretion,
Such kindness, replaced
By the hand of Affection.

When Youth in its vigor
Is stubborn and hard,
No lessons of rigor
A change can afford;

O then what will curb
The soul of rebellion,
Like dear dropping words
From the heart of Affection!

When time spent and time worn
In this vale of tears,
The sands of life run,
Death only appears;
What can in that moment
This feeble frame strengthen,
Like But soft breezes wafted
On wings of Affection.

A Fragment.

O friend, endeared to me by ties
Both sacred and sincere,
Till time shall cease its onward flight,
I still shall hold thee dear.
And in thy memory may I live,
I now request of thee;
Thy prayers, to me a portion give,
Till death shall set us free.

To A Friend.

Time speeds along, to bring the day,
When all that's mortal will decay.
But immortality can wave
Its pinions o'er the silent grave.

The spring presents unto our view
The earth enwraped in ~~verdant~~ verdant hue:
Each leaf and floweret charms the eye;
But O how soon they fade and die!

The zephers waft to our sweet home,
The fragrance of a vernal bloom.
But soon bleak winters chilling blast
Sweeps o'er the land with death at last.

The warblers, with their simple lay,
Rejoice with us mid summers day;
But like all else, in Autumn drear
They leave us for a land more dear.

Not like to this is friendship true,
The cord that binds my soul to you;
'Tis e'er the same mid' clouded days,
As in the sun's effulgent rays.

Unlike the bloom that spring puts forth,
Which does decay in winter's dearth;
Not like the birds, which disappear,
When storms o'ercast our atmosphere;

But constant, as are day and night,
Do friendship's charms our hearts delight.
When clouds of sorrow gather near,
How friendship's voice the mind will cheer.

Tho' death our bodies ~~sperate~~ separate,
This tie will never never break;
There's nought can part my soul from you;
Beyond the grave lives friendship true.

The Hour of Sorrow.

How heavy time does onward roll,
How gloomy all appears!
How deep the anguish of the soul!
'Tis only spoke by tears.

Life's scattered pleasures cannot throw
One ray of transport near;
Nor have they ought they can bestow,
To comfort, soothe or cheer.

'Tis then that language seems to fail,
Our feelings to express.
The joys of nature then are veil'd;
Which magnifies distress.

How sweet and how impressive too,
The sympathy of friends!
It drops into the heart, as dew
Upon the earth descends.

But who upon this spacious orb
Has not been wraped in grief?
Who hath not felt so much absorb'd
That nought could give relief?

Ah! thou mayst tell of Princes mirth,
Of Emperor's and of Kings;
But theres not one upon the earth,
Who hath this hour not seen.

Tho' some appear with pleasure crown'd,
Have disappointments few;
But still on them Affliction frowns,
They've hours of sorrow too.

To earth does man not always cling,
Nor with her subjects blend:
He bids farewell to earthly things;
With these his sorrows end.

Lines Addressed to Eldersister &c.

My parent kind and dearest friend
One unto whom my all is given
A listning ear to me now lend
And read my heart on paper written.

How many words of counsel true
From lips of thine have often fell
Without which to the sculptor's view
As is the gravel I had ben.

No costly gem nor diamonds rare
By which the monarch is adorn'd
Can with one word of thine compare
To which with joy I have conform'd

And when I have in darkness roam'd,
Without a star to guide my way
Thou'st like a shepherd led me home
And in soft accents bid me stay.

When wrapt in sorrow and in grief,
And tears had fail'd and ~~sorrow~~ courage too,
Then O how oft' you've given relief,
Which was more rare than Hermons dew!

For all your counsel toil, and pains
With gratitude my heart doth presst
And even words do seem to fail
My endless thanks to you express.

O can ingratitude prompt me
To wander from thy tender care
Can I like Judas prove to be
Let me consider and forbear.

Like Peter I'll not thee deny
But like him I can truly say
Though all should leave thee yet not I
If thousands turn and fall away.

In your rejoicing I'll rejoice,
And in your sorrow I will share
Your heart's desire your will and choice
I'll seek to do with constant care,

Kind friend know'st thou the fairest flowers
The soonest fall unto decay?
The humble violet 'neath the bower,
Remains, to cheer till winter's day.

And so its been with those in whom
With fond delight you cherised most;
A killing frost has stole their bloom;
They've fell from you they're lost! they're lost!

But like the simple violets power
Which yeilds not to the frosty blast.
With you I'll spend my latest hour,
Till time and death with me is past.

To you my Friend I have addres'd
These lines in number few
As many more cannot express
My love my thanks to you.

Friendship's Gem.

From pole to pole I've searched with care,
That I might find a prize more rare.
I ushed the depths. They could impart
No object dearer to my heart.
It can't be found.

The sun may rise, yet set again;
But friendship's gem do bright remain.
There's no imperial diadem,
That can compare with friendship's gem;
There'll nought with it compare.

There are no mines which can unfold
Such valued stores; their worth's untold.
The gems Golconda's mines do yeild;
Moth doth corrupt, and theives do steal.
These are rare obtain'd.

My friend, I'll place within your hand
These lines, a pledge that I will stand
By you a friend; and oft' impart
This gem to you, right from my heart,
Outshining Ophir's Gold.

Forget Me not.

While on my dark and fearful way
To brighter cliffs, o'er which I do lay
Our hopes our joys our endless days,
O do forget me not.

When disappointment frowns on me,
No star of hope afar I see;
Remember, I beseech of thee,
To Then forget me not.

On dark misfortune's gloomy isle,
Should I be cast, to grope awhile
In that lone state of an exile,
I pray forget me not.

To bonds unknown O should I rove,
Find there no object worth my love;
O on these words I'd oft' repose,
My friend, forget me not.

Or should my body, as it must,
(Ere yours) be buried low in dust,
Then in your busy life, I trust,
You would forget me not.

Let the reverse be placed in view:
Should you leave me to still pursue
These toilsome cares, I would that you &
In rest forget me not.

In your unceasing blissful state,
Though brighter charms still you elate,
Think of the favor asked in fate,
My friend, forget me not.

Friendship's Voice.

My friend and companion in sorrow & grief,
How constant the ties which entwine round our hearts
Tho' earth's joys and sorrows at longest are brief,
The ~~sacred~~ tried bonds of friendship we know cannot part

How oft' have we traversed the regions of bliss,
Where storms of affliction to us were unknown;
Our feet over flowers with agile steps tript;
Our dreams rested only on fancy's wide dome.

There joys were not lasting, like lightning they've pass'd,
And sorrow succeeded, as night doth the day.
We've since faced the bleak winds of envy's chill blast,
And by disappointment have been borne away.

Where darkness was thickest, O there have we strayed;
O'er gloomy east mountains, we've frequently roam'd.
Where Lions have roar'd, and where wild beasts have prey'd
O there hand in hand have we oft' found a home.

The scene now has changed; for we no longer rest
Our hopes on the fickle enjoyments of time:
Together we're bound for ~~that~~ the land of the blest;
~~Where my joy is yours and your sorrow is mine.~~
My rejoicing is yours, & your sorrow is
mine.

Charity.

A virtue taught by nature's God
In all his works we see
His mighty arm is spread abroad
His love his Charity.

Charity is the giving of relief to the distressed, providing for the poor, befriending all that are friendless and to overlook the fault's of another. It is the noblest virtue with which man has been endowed, it comprehends all others, and is the very essence of our heavenly faith

"Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecieth they shall fail, whether there be tongues they shall cease, whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away. Charity is like a flower whose leaves are expanded and whose odors are distilled to distant lands; an admirable beauty. the delight of every eye. Trace it from the highest ~~beggar~~ monarch to the wandering Arab its potent charms are still the same. It is a virtue highly necessary for all to obtain, it produces love and is often received mid flood of heart felt thankfulness. Like one cast in the midst of the sea although surrounded by multitudes of beings not one is able to save him in his perilous situation, so should we be if bereft of the charity of God. He alone can bestow charity when it is impossible for man to assume the deed. Thus man is nothing without the Charity of his Maker.

A Birthday Gift.

How swift from you have roll'd away
Just seventeen years this very day!
And may you pass this number more
In joy and health an freedoms shore.

Within this time no doubt you'll see
Sweet hours of bliss, enchanted be.
There'll friends arise; bright beams will glow,
Which will disperse the clouds of woe.

But know, my friend, this changing shore
Is not where mortals weep no more.
Nor think, while you in ~~splendor~~ pleasure wade,
These joys so splendid cannot fade.

There'll clouds of sorrow gather round;
Sad disappointment on you frown;
Bleak winds of envy round you sweep,
And friendship's cord prove frail and weak.

O then yeild not unto despair,
But cherish hope bright hope so fair;

~~And know my friend this changing there~~
And know that hope sustains the mind,
And bids us to our fate resign.

Just stop and view our atmosphere.
How oft do clouds & storms appear!
But 'neath these clouds there does arise
The orb which luminates the skies.

Know this, that in the darkest day
The clouds must quickly break away.
Thus cherish hope, and onward steer
Through this probative world of fear.

O be assured you have a friend,
Who'll ever sympathy extend.
The cord which binds in one our hearts,
Till life shall cease, shall never part.

When Shall I cease to be?

Beneath some narrow clod of earth,
Concealed from mortal view;
Where sounds of sorrow, grief and mirth,
Might never pierce me through;
In calm repose O let me rest,
From earth's collision free.
How oft' these words do heave the breast,
When shall I cease to be?

Affliction, can I always be
So constantly thy prey?
Even hope no brighter day can see,
Long as you bear the sway.
The sleep of disappointment's power,
From sorrow never free.
I oft' proclaim in silent hours,
When shall I cease to be?

I feel like one that's weaned from all
This world's delusive show.
And O, how sweet would be the call,
To leave these shores of woe!
I long to join with those who're o'er
Life's troubled boisterous sea;
Where I am forced to say no more,
When shall I cease to be?

When weather beaten, wrecked and tossed,
Till nothing does remain,
To meet with ills, licentious scoffs,
Or feel the torturing pain;
Oh! then will snap this tender cord,
And set my spirit free.
Ah! then unknown will be the words,
When shall I cease to be?

Be Thou my Friend.

O hear in whispers low,
Oft mid the rustling leaves,
A voice, a soft echo
Repeated by each breeze,
Be Thou my friend.

The sun's departing ray,
Withdrawing from yon cloud,
Bespeaks, each passing day,
My wish for thee aloud,
Be Thou my friend.

When stars of memory fling
Their glittering light o'er thee,
O let it then bring
These accents right from me,
Be Thou my friend.

Let Autumn's hoary frost,
And emblem of decay,
Tell that when hope is lost,
I'll turn to thee and say,
Be thou my friend.

Forever be my Friend.

I now make one request to thee
What e'er my lot or fortune be
To still remain my friend.

O let oblivion not obscure
This wish so constant and so sure
To ever be my friend.

When you in pleasure revel deep
And I in vain such treasures seek
Continue still my friend.

Should oceans, rivers, 'twixt us roll
Let friendship's cord unite our souls
Nor cease to be my friend.

To Elizabeth Wood The day she was eighty six.

How years roll on Alas! how quick
Short time ago a child
Now reached the age of eighty six
O where's the infant smile?

Within this time you doubtless past
The hours of childhood's sweets
Well know the frost of youth which blasts
Some future joy complete.

Have felt the cares age brings along
At thirty five or more
And now old age comes creeping on
Its ills o'er thee to pour.

Soon borne away as on the wings
Of eagles, matchless flight.
In strains melodious you can sing
I've fought the glorious fight.

A mother which you have adored
Will welcome welcome thee
Unto the mansion she's prepared.
To rest from sorrow free.

A crown which does by far surpass
In brilliantcy the sun
You'll then receive the sentence past
Well done my child, well done

Kind friend, I cannot now forbear
To give my thanks sincere
To you for your parental care
To me it's truly dear.

And for this cause which you're maintain
So fervently & true
I'll firmly stand until I reign
A conqueror with you.

There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

~~What though~~ Tho you should be ~~you~~ ~~feel~~ immensely prest
By sorrow's hand;
~~What though you should~~ Tho ~~feel~~ as one oppress'd
'neath rustic bands;
~~Then~~ Yet mourn ye not, as those who have
No ray of hope:
Know this, there is a friend who'll save,
When all seems lost.

Should waves of sorrow sore beat round
Your slender bark,
And carry it most fiercely down
To caverns dark;
Let not despair then fill your soul,
Nor be dismayed:
Know there's a friend, who'll waves control,
When tempests rage.

When e'er you feel on this wide world
You have no friend;
Tho' pleasure all her charms unfurl,
To you extend;
Know this, there is one, constant, true,
Forever near;
Who watches fervently o'er you.
Then hush the tear.

Let no distress, however brief,
Thy peace annoy;
Nor disappointment, like a thief,
Thy hope destroy.
But look to him who'll evermore
Thy friend remain,
And who'll for loss two fold restore
To thee again.

Be mindful of Death.

We read on every leafy bower,
That life it is but a breath;
That we are mortals of an hour.
Be mindful then of Death.

At morn, at eve, and at mid'day,
When pleasure crowns thy rest,
Know life will soon be passed away:
~~Still~~ mindful ~~them~~ of Death.

When care and sorrow round you beat,
Of hope and friends bereft;
Think of that ~~joy~~ land where joy's replete;
Be mindful then of Death.

Let no delusive charm of earth
Once lull your heart to rest;
But mid your cheerfulness and mirth,
Be mindful oft of Death.

HUNT'S WRITING BOOK.

UNION STATION HOUSE.

SHAKER COLLECTION